1. Becauſe he ſhould haue ſwallowed me too,
And when I had been in his bellie,
I would haue kept ſuch a gangling of the Belles,
That he ſhould neuer haue left,
Till he caſt Bells, Steeple, Church and Pariſh vp againe:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

Per. Simonides?

3. We would purge the land of theſe Drones,
That robbe the Bee of her hony.

Per. How from the fenny ſubiect of the Sea,
Theſe Fiſhers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approoue or men detect.
Peace be at your labour honeſt fiſhermen.

2. Honeſt, good fellow what's that, if it be a day fits you
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Per. May ſee the Sea hath caſt vpon your coaſt:

2. What a drunken Knaue was the Sea,
To caſt thee in our way?

Per. A man whom both the Waters and the Winde,
In that vaſte Tennis-court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreats you pittie him:
He askes of you that neuer vſ'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?
Heer's them in our countrey of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canſt thou catch any Fiſhes then?

Per. I neuer practiz'de it.

2. Nay then thou wilt ſtarue ſure: for heer's nothing to
be got now-adayes, vnleſſe thou canſt fiſh for't.

Per. What I haue beene I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throng'd vp with colde, my veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may ſuffize,
To giue my tongue that heat to aske your helpe:
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray you ſee me buryed.

1. Die

1. Die, ke-tha; now Gods forbid't, and I haue a Gowne
heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore mee a
handſome fellow: Come, thou ſhalt goe home, and weel'e
haue Fleſh for all day, Fiſh for faſting-dayes and more; or
Puddings and Flap-iacks, and thou ſhalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you ſir.

2. Harke you my friend: You ſaid you could not beg?

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue?
Then Ile turne crauer too, and ſo I ſhall ſcape whipping.

Per. Why, are you Beggers whip't then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your Beggers
were whipt, I would wiſh no better office, then to be Beadle:
But Maiſter, Ile goe draw vp the Net.

Per. How well this honeſt mirth becomes their labour?

1. Harke you ſir; doe you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1. Why I tell you, this is cal'd *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good *Symonides*, doe you call him?

1. I ſir; and he deſerues ſo to be cal'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernement.

Per. He is a happie King, ſince he gaines from
His ſubiects the name of good, by his gouernment.
How farre is his court diſtant from this ſhore?

1. Mary ſir, halfe a dayes iourney: And Ile tell you,
He hath a faire Daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day,
And there are Princes and Knights come from all partes of
the World, to Iuſt and Turney for her loue,

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my deſires,
I could wiſh to make one there.

1. O ſir, things muſt be as they may: and what a man can
not get, he may lawfully deale for his Wiues ſoule.

Enter the two Fiſher-men, drawing vp a Net.

2. Helpe Maiſter helpe; heere's a Fiſh hanges in the Net,
Like a poore mans right in the law: t'will hardly come out.
Ha bots on't, tis come at laſt; & tis tur'nd to a ruſty Armor.

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